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ON

LORD NELSON'S VICTORY

OVER

THE FRENCH FLEET

AT

A B O U Q U I R

AN IDYL

BY P. P. D. D.

P I S A

FROM THE NEW TYPOGRAPHICAL PRESS.

M D C C X G V I I I





COME here my Muse, come, for a moment sing
Great NELSON'S deeds, which, on the lofty wing
Of loudest FAME swift borne, from ev'ry breast
Ecstatic joy, and wonder have exprest.

And sing how first the PARTHENOPEAN (1) coast
Anxious he reach'd in search of GALLIC Host,
And next thro' SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS pass'd,
Making the Monsters stare, and stand aghast;

(1) Coast of Naples.

IV

And how th'Eastern sea he then long weather'd,
 And thrice the wide space completely measur'd,
 Which from TRINACRIA (2) runs to CANOP (3) shore:
 He restless e'er, and eager to explore
 What course his Foe had steer'd, and where to meet
 His long pursu'd, and ne'er appearing fleet.
 Doleful the day, and doleful he the night
 Two months near pass'd before he came in sight
 Of what alone his sinking heart could raise,
 And all his pains of tortur'd mind appease.

At length bright PHOEBUS to compassion mov'd,
 The long wish'd day brought forth, which quick remov'd
 Each thought afflictive from our HERO'S breast,
 And made it soon with cheering joy possest.

(2) Sicily.

(3) Shore adjoining Alexandria.

At length near ABOUQUIR was seen display'd
The GALLIC flag with martial ships array'd.
Which when Great NELSON had distinctly view'd,
His Soul he felt with fire unknown endu'd.
No time he lost his vessels to array
In order such, that they with double play
Of cannon might the Foe annoy, and hem
The same close in with fatal stratagem.

He in a moment then begins the fray,
And, tempest-like, around soon spreads dismay;
And with dismay he deals destruction wide.
Nor aught can make his martial rage subside.
His thund'ring guns, and well directed fire
The hostile ships with horror wild inspire;

Whose broken masts, and smoking beams, that float
 Thick round th'extensive sea, do clear denote
 Their havoc large; and whose unnumber'd Slain
 With copious blood both tinge, and swell the main.

But now, O dreadful sight! thick clouds arise
 Of pitchy smoke, which darken round the skies.
 And'midst the smoke sparks now and then of light
 Wav'ring are seen and eager to take flight.
 Th'unhappy ORIENT (4) lo! presents a stage,
 Where Vulcan wantons with unbridled rage.
 The smouldering fire in the hulk conceal'd
 Spouting by fits soon made itself reveal'd.
 But, tho'reveal'd, it lawless made its way
 From prow to stern with e'er destructive sway.

(4) Name of the French Admiral's ship.

VII

Crackling are now its flames, which crackling tear
Each rib, each plank, nor oars, nor cables spare.
Proud of themselves triumphant they assail
The lofty masts with all their tackled sail.
Whate'er they meet, voracious they devour,
Nor aught, once caught, can more escape their pow'r.
Thro' deck, thro' hold relentless they pursue,
And eager seem to clasp th'unhappy Crew.
Many indeed the fir'y clasp refuse,
And certain death amidst the waters chuse.

At last, tremendous lo! is heard a roar,
Which rends the Deep, and shakes the neighb'ring shore.
A burst of flame, and fir'y whirlwind threw
The half-burnt vessel, and the remnant Crew

VIII

Up to the heavens with explosion dire.
 The mangled wretches, toss'd in scorch'd attire,
 Are scatter'd wide, and in their fall expire.

Silence and awe ensue, like that which reign
 'Midst dreary tombs, and freeze up ev'ry vein;
 Nor eye, nor limb let move, but steady keep,
 And hair make stand, and all the flesh to creep.
 The frighted NILE in haste draws back his tide,
 In haste does seek his finny tribes to hide.
 And NEPTVNE's self with all his wat'ry train
 Trembling seeks refuge in the deepest main.

When shudd'ring fear was o'er, both sides renew
 The horrid conflict; and with fury new

IX

Their quicker still, and still more thund'ring fire
Outrageous make to mutual death conspire.
Th'incessant guns such flashing light convey,
As during night seems round diffus'd broad day.
And smoke so thick succeeds to flashing light,
As during day seems back return'd mid night.
Thousands at once the red-hot bullets fly,
And dying groans, and carnage multiply.
But not to ALBION'S Sons the tragic sport
Does equal groans, or carnage like import.
And to their ships it friendly proves alike,
But sinks, or burns, or makes their Foe to strike.

By vessels ta'en, sunk, burnt, and run away
The weak'ned GAUL should now have stopp'd the fray.

And maul'd besides so was each remnant ship,
As quick should have remov'd all rivalship.
But GALLIC pride became a sufferer.
And so went on the fatal massacre.

Three days, three nights the bloody fight in all
Continu'd fierce, tho' with some interval.
And Vict'ry e'er the BRITISH WARRIORS crown'd
With laurels such, as ne'er before around
Their temples twin'd, and which around their tomb
Till time's decline will ever verdant bloom.
Each CHIEF, each MAN for Britain's honor fir'd,
And by their LEADER with new life inspir'd,
Did wonders such, that each at other star'd,
And GALLIC Soul, however dauntless, scar'd.

Confusion last, and desolation meet,
 And haunt in ghastly form the hostile fleet:
 Which stript of number, force, and leading Chief, (5)
 Wretched became, and spent beyond relief.
 And which moreover of all hope bereft,
 Was to the mercy now of NELSON left.
 To whose immortal honor we can say:
 So glorious ne'er before was gain'd a day;
 And never more perhaps will WARRIOR gain,
 So long as warlike ship will ride the main.

(5) French Admiral kill'd.

XII

ITALY TO HER SONS

ON

LORD NELSON

AN EPIGRAM

In imitation of the distich made

By Pope on Newton

PEACE, PROPERTY AND LIFE WERE NEAR ENSLAV'D
GOD SAID: *LET NELSON FIGHT. AND ALL WAS SAV'D.*

Turned into Latin

PAX, FORTUNÆ HOMINUM ET VITÆ JAM VINCLA SUBIBANT.

NUMEN AIT: *PUGNET NELSON. ET ORTA SALUS.*

With Approb.